As heauen had lent her all his grace:
With whom the Father liking tooke,
And her to incest did prouoke:
Bad child, worse father, to entice his owne.
To euill should be done by none:
But custome, what they did begin,
Was with long vse, accounted no sinne.
The beauty of this sinfull Dame,
Made many Princes thether frame,
To seeke her as a bed-fellow,
In marriage pleasures, play-fellow:
Which to preuent, he made a Law,
To keepe her still and men in awe,
That who so askt her for his wife,
His Riddle told not, lost his life:
So for her many of wight did die,
As yon grim lookes do testifie.
What ensues to the iudgement of your eye,
I giue my cause, who best can iustifie. *Exit.*

*Enter Antiochus, Prince Pericles, and followers.*

*Ant.* Yong Prince of *Tyre*, you haue at large receiued.
The danger of the taske you vndertake.
*Per* I haue (*Antiochus*) and with a soule emboldned
with the glory of her praise, thinke death no hazard,
In this enterprize.
*Ant.* Musicke bring in our daughter, cloathed like a bride
For embracements, euen of *Ioue* himselfe;
At whose conception till *Lucina* reigned,
Nature this dowry gaue, to glad her presence,
The Senate house of Planets all did sit,
To knit in her this best perfections

*Enter Antiochus Daughter.*

*Per.* See where she comes, appareld like the Spring,
Graces her subiects, and her thoughs the King,
Of euery vertue giues renowne to men.



Her face the booke of praise
Nothing but curious pleasu
Sorrow were euer rackt, an
Could neuer be her milde c
You Gods that made me ma
That haue enaflm'd desire i
To taste the fruite of yon c
[Or die in the aduenture] b
As I am sonne and seruant t
To compasse such a bondle
*Anti.* Prince *Pericles.*
*Per.* That would be sonne
*Ant.* Before thee stands t
With golden fruit, but dang
For death like dragons here
Her face like heauen, intice
Her countlesse glory, whic
And which without desert
Presumes to reach, all the w
Yon sometimes famous Pri
Drawne by report, aduen
Tell thee with speechlesse t
That without couering, sau
Heere they stand martyrs,
And with dead cheekes ad
For going on deaths net, v
*Per. Antiochus* I thank
My fraile mortallity to kn
And by those fearefull obie
This body, like to them, to
For death remembred, sho
Who tels vs, life's but brea
Ile make my will then, a
Who know the world, se
Gripe not at earthly ioyes
So I bequeath a happy pea
And all good men, as euery